

PIETAS

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ET

GRATULATIO

COLLEGII CANTABRIGIENSIS

*Mass
Cambridge Harvard U*

APUD NOVANGLOS.

BOSTONI-MASSACHUSETTENSIIUM

TYPIS J. GREEN & J. RUSSELL.

MDCCLXI.

BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS

J. RUSSELL



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TO THE KING.

May it please your MAJESTY,

WE your Majesty's most loyal subjects, the President and Fellows of HARVARD College in CAMBRIDGE, in your Province of MASSACHUSETTS-BAY, have felt a large share of that universal Joy, which diffused itself thro' every part of your MAJESTY's Dominions upon your Accession to the imperial Throne of GREAT-BRITAIN : but our remote and private situation discouraged us from attempting, as a Body, to make our immediate approach to your MAJESTY.

Nevertheless,

Nevertheless, as We have observed that your Universities in ENGLAND have been permitted to lay before your MAJESTY their poetical oblations, We have flattered ourselves that We may be allowed to express the fullness of our hearts in the same manner. We are sensible of the great disparity between this little seminary and those eminent seats of learning : We follow them at a great distance ; and pretend to little more than a dutiful affection and an ardent zeal, without sufficient ability to express them.

It was the fate of our Ancestors to be driven from their native Country by an Administration very different from that of your MAJESTY.

They

They then complained of their hard treatment ; but they saw not the Designs of Providence. Had GREAT-BRITAIN been always governed by Princes like those of your MAJESTY's illustrious House, its Dominion would have been confined to its own Islands ; no one would have been persuaded to have exchanged the happy Country for any other whatsoever. Thus it is that the Divine Wisdom produces good out of evil ; and makes arbitrary Princes the instruments of extending the Dominions of a Patriot King.

Your MAJESTY seems to be designed, as the Favourite of Heaven, to build up an Empire, which, perhaps in Ages to come, may be

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as extensive as any that have been, or now are in being ; but widely differing both in the Means by which it is acquired, and the Principles upon which it is established. Other Empires have generally been formed by the infringement of the Liberties and the destruction of the Lives of mankind : that, which will owe to your MAJESTY its firm establishment, will be founded upon the maintenance of the Freedom of the people, the security of their Possessions and the Encrease of their numbers. It will not even be extended at the expence of the Rights of other Nations ; unless the keeping possession of an useless territory, for no other purpose but to defeat the Industry and prevent the Population of their neighbours, may be called a Right. It

It has been esteemed the greatest Honor to a good Prince to be called the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY : but your MAJESTY may claim an higher title ; you may justly be said to be THE PATRON OF MANKIND. The Genius of your People and your own Disposition conspire to make you such. The spirit of Liberty has, for many centuries, distinguished the ENGLISH Nation : but it has been reserved for your MAJESTY'S Reign that it should be free from that abuse, with which its Enemies have been always ready to charge it.

They who consider the Freedom of BRITONS to be only their own concern, discern not the political connexions between the different states
of

of mankind. Every Nation, that desires to be free, is interested in the fate of GREAT-BRITAIN. There --- is erected the Temple of Liberty, where her votaries are animated with the purest flame ; There---is her Fortrefs to which they, whose freedom is in danger, resort for protection ; if Liberty is once lost there, it must soon cease to exist upon the face of the earth. It is no wonder therefore that those Princes, who have fettered their own subjects and prepared chains for the rest of mankind, should express their resentment at the power of GREAT-BRITAIN.

It is shocking to Humanity to contemplate the miserable effects of despotic power, as they
are

are now exemplified upon the EUROPEAN continent : where many thousands of men are kept continually in arms, not to defend their civil Rights ; not to preserve their Religion ; not to repel foreign Invaders ; but to massacre one another, to gratify the pride, the passions, the caprice of inhuman Princes.

In this time of horror and desolation, which your concern for the miseries of Nations, not your own, has in vain endeavoured to put a stop to, your MAJESTY is raised by Heaven to provide in the New World a Retreat for the wretched inhabitants of the Old ; an Asylum, to which they may retire from the reach of War and set themselves down in Peace, sure to
reap

reap the fruits of their Industry, secure in the enjoyment of their civil and religious Liberties, and exempt from the miseries which distress most other Countries. This part of the Earth seems to be separated from the rest, and put entirely under your MAJESTY'S protection by Providence, for the recruiting the human race, and retrieving by a quick and uninterrupted population the wanton havock which the Ambition of Princes is making every where else.

Whilst We please ourselves with the prospect of the probable destination of this our Country, We flatter ourselves that the Encrease of People and Wealth will of course produce the Improvement of Arts and Sciences : It must be so in a

BRITISH Government ; It must be so under your MAJESTY's Reign. It is upon this consideration only that We have presumed to express our thoughts upon the political relations of this Country. Science is our business : but We find Science and Policy so intimately connected, that We cannot separate the ideas of the one from the other. We have therefore been obliged to express our expectation of the Advancement of the one, in order to explain the grounds of our hopes of the Improvement of the other.

The College on behalf of which We have presumed to lay before your MAJESTY this most humble offering, is by much the oldest
 feat

feat of learning in your AMERICAN Domi-
 nions : It has by many years exceeded its first
 Century ; and it has prospered as well as could
 have been expected, considering all the disad-
 vantages it has lain under. It was founded in
 a Country, where the people have aimed at little
 more than an independent subsistence ; and
 have had few superfluities for public founda-
 tions. It has had very little assistance from our
 Mother Country ; the whole amount being
 some private benefactions, which We most
 gratefully acknowledge. Nothing but an ex-
 traordinary Zeal for Religion and Learning,
 which has always prevailed among this People,
 could have brought it to what it is.

The ENGLISH Colleges have had Kings for their nursing-Fathers and Queens for their nursing-Mothers : We have hitherto been too distant and too little known, to experience the Royal Munificence. The glorious Commencement of your MAJESTY's Reign, which will form a new Æra for NORTH-AMERICA, affords us the first Encouragement to look up to the Throne for Favor and Patronage.

As We are persuaded that this Country will become a more interesting Object to GREAT-BRITAIN, than it has been in the time of any of your predecessors ; so We are assured, that your known Attachment to Religion, Virtue and Science will induce your MAJESTY to look upon

upon the Seminaries established for their advancement, as not beneath your Royal Consideration.

For our parts, We shall so faithfully execute the trust reposed in us for the education of the youth committed to our charge, that We shall use all means to make them sensible of the blessings derived from your MAJESTY'S Government ; that they may be, in their future stations, grateful as well as useful subjects to the best of Kings.

We are, with all humility,

May it please your MAJESTY,

Your MAJESTY'S most loyal

And most dutiful Subjects,

The President and Fellows of Harvard College.

ADHORTATIO PRÆSIDIS.

PIETAS

ET

GRATULATIO.

upon the Seminaries established for their ad-
vancement, is not less in your Royal Consi-
deration.

P I E T A S

G R A T U L A T I O .

The President and Fellows of Harvard College

I.

ADHORTATIO PRÆSIDIS.

Eheu ! lugubris carmina Naeniae

Poscis GEORGI : nec pietas tua

Nec vota nec curae tuorum

Fatiferas inhibent sorores :

Nuper Britannis Deliciae et Decus,

Nunc luctuosae materies lyrae,

Quam chara, quam defleta nobis,

Ultima non reticebit aetas.

Me, --- qui peracta militia mea,

Non longa restat jam mora, quin sequar,

Quid me decebit, quam recentem

Imbuerim ut lachrymis favillam ?

Vos, queis vigescit spiritus integer,
 Pectusque Phoebi vividus impetus
 Accendit, ad solemniore
 Apta modos adhibete plectra.
 Ferite chordas : Ecce GEORGIUS
 Incedit alter, jura per ultimas
 Telluris oras jam daturus,
 Qua patet Oceanus Britannis.
 Afferte flores, fertaque necesse
 Cinctura circum Caesareum caput ;
 Cum fronde myrteoque laurum
 In focios religate nexus.
 Sic forsan et vos vestraque munera
 Blando benignus lumine viderit,
 Miratus ignotas camoenas
 Sole sub Hesperio calentes.

~~Æquare laudes quis poterit tuas~~

~~O Rex canendo, aut per vacuum ætheris~~

~~Inimicus alis, ad cubile~~

~~II. Hesperium comes ire soli ?~~

~~Tantos quis audet sumere spiritus ?~~

AD PRÆCELLENTISSIMUM PROVINCIE PREFECTUM,

~~Letas per omnes, maxime Principum~~

Qui juventutem ad hoc munus primus incitavit.

~~Anglicas tremante classes~~

BERNARDE, raptam tu citharam tholo

Aptare voci poscis eburneam ;

Regemque sublatum Britannis

Luctifono celebrare cantu.

Sed nos minaci carmine territat

Flaccus, superbum Bellerophontea,

Pontumque dicens, fabulosum

Daedalei juvenis ruina.

Æquare

Æquare laudes quis poterit tuas

O Rex canendo, aut per vacuum aethera,

Innexus alis, ad cubile

Hesperium comes ire Soli ?

Tantos quis audet fumere spiritus ?

Terras per omnes, maxime Principum,

Quas aequor ingens ambit, et quae

Angliacas tremuere classes.

Iuste imperantem sensit, et illico

Foecunda tellus excutiens sinu

Passim per agros spargit herbas,

Spargit opes avido colono.

Armenta tondent pingua pascua,

Et foeta supplet lanigeros greges,

Et laeta vox percurrit urbes,

Rura, domos, placidasque silvas.

Sub rege tali fausta Britannia
Ad astra fulgens extulerat caput,

Et GEORGIO subnixa fama

Attonitum viguit per orbem.

Vos, hunc ademptum tollite laudibus,

Vos, nam potestis Phoebigenum chorus,

Quos ISIS audit personantes

Alma tuos Rhedycina lucos.

Nec tu filentes, CAME Pater, tuas

Effundis undas, flebile murmurant;

Ripasque circum, perque filvas,

Flebile mille canunt Camoenae.

Haud doctiori fila movent manu,

Quos Roma, quos et Graecia jactitet,

Vix non potentes, vel quietis

Corporibus, revocare vitam.

Qualis sub Haemi collibus Orpheus

Fudit querelis carmina mollibus,

Motura silvas, atque pronos

Fluminibus remorata cursus ;

Dum rursus abreptam Euridicen vocat,

Ah, dulce plorans ! Euridicen nemo

Respondet, Hebri conquerentis

Euridicen fonuere ripae.

At moesta tandem gaudeat ALBION,

En ILLE surgit, qui BRITONUM Genus

Se jactat ultro, chara Proles

Nomen avi referensque famam.

Sic Sacra saevae dona Proserpinae

Dimittit arbor, alter at emicat

Ramus refulgens, ac avito

Silva iterum renovatur auro.

III.

Cum roseis quondam Dea ADOREA fulgida
pennis

Aethera pervolitans liquidum, tranaverat
orbem,

Figere qua posset Solio Regum optimum e-
burno,

Quem volventia fama ferat per secula, rimans;

Laeta Deae tandem patuere Britannidos arva,

Flumine quae Tamesis \finuans humectat
amaeno;

Gens ubi dives opum, longi patiensque laboris,

Urbes munierat vallis, portusque carinis :

Partim

Partim tellurem jam tum fulcavit aratro ;
 Partimque extremis fecit commercia terris ;
 Partimque ingenuas doctasque exercuit artes ;
 Tota Dei Numen coluit, Rectoris Olympi.

Hic locus, haec sedes, inquit Dea, munere
 digna est

Magnifico, dare quod statui sub pectore
 volvens.

Anglica jam tellus multos jactata per annos
 Casibus adversis, a tempore Caesaris usque ;
 Gentibus ex variis sumptos experta tyrannos,
 Normannisque, Danisque, Caledoniisque cru-
 entis,

Saxonicisque fere fuerat ; cum mitteret Alma
 Regum progeniem Brunsvica Stirpe creatam,

Armis

Armis insigni, et virtutum nomine clara.

Ac velut objicibus fuerat qui in carceris
antro

Occlusus rigidi, tetri, squalentis, opaci ;

Cui frigusque, famesque, sitisque comederat
artus,

Multis interea pigre labentibus annis ;

Nocturnis tandem tenebris vinclisque solutus,

Obstupet aethereo radiantis lumine solis,

Exultimque salit celeri pede, voceque clamat.

Sic Genus Anglorum Brunsvici Sideris Ortum,

Eo lucem portantis ab axe serenam,

Mirati laetantur ovantque : it ad aethera
clamor ;

Praerupti resonant montes et littora curva.

D

Angligenae

Angligenae generosi, o terque quaterque
beati !

Queis jam quinque fere bis lustris lucifer
almus

Affulsit, nec adhuc unquam se condidit undis.

Ora quidem bis celavit velamine nigro ;

At splendore novo, jubare insolitoque co-
ruscans,

Usque retexit, et usque recentia dona profudit.

Salve, Auguste GEORGI tertie, quo duce,
ferri

Seclum cessabit, pricumque redibit in aurum !

Otia, cana fides, virtus, pietasque redibunt,

Pacatumque reges patriis virtutibus orbem.

IV.

Are monarchs then such unimportant
Things,
That death his dreary triumphs swells with
kings ?
Insulting victor ! boast this trophy won !
That your broad shade hath darken'd Bri-
tain's sun ;
But know ! such kings, as GEORGE, but take
their way
Thro' your thick darkness to immortal day.
Indulgent Heav'n with Splendor ray'd him
down
To swell the lustre of the british Crown ;
But

But virtues, such as his, are not confin'd
 To small domains, they' encircle all mankind.
 BOURBONS to humble, BRUNSWICKS were
 ordain'd,
 Those mankind's rights destroy'd, but these
 regain'd.

Princes he saw, on princes rise, to bless
 Extended realms with boundless happiness :
 The joys of unborn millions to improve,
 And feel the warm returns of filial love.
 With virtue crown'd, he lengthned out his
 years,
 Then dy'd, and left the virtuous world in
 tears.

Monarchs ! mark here, the road to real fame,
 Learn but to live like GEORGE, then die the
 fame.

I.

E

Whate'er

Under thy gentle fway,

Religion, heav'n-born fair,

In her own native air,

Refulgent, thone in golden day :

Virtue, science, liberty,

Blooming fifters, wreath'd with bays,

Grateful fung their patron's praise :

Commerce, o'er the broad-back'd sea,

Extending far on floating isles,

Imported India's wealth, and rich Peruvian
(spoils.

Let

Let Rome her Julius and Octavius boast ;
 What both at Rome, GEORGE was on Albi-
 (on's Coast.

An olive-wreath his brow,
 Majestic, ever were ;
 Unless by hostile pow'r
 Long urg'd, and then the laurel bough.
 Faithful bards, in epic verse,
 Vict'ries more than Julius won,
 And, exploits, before undone,
 GEORGE the Hero, shall rehearse :
 While softer notes each tuneful swain
 Shall breathe from oaten pipe, of GEORGE's
 (peaceful reign.

But,

But, ah ! while on the glorious past we dwell,
 Enwrapt in filken thought, our bosoms swell
 With pleasing ecstacy,

Forgetful of our wo.

--- Shall tears forbear to flow ?

Or cease to heave the deep-fetch'd sigh ?

Flow, ye tears, forever stream ;

Sighs, to whisp'ring winds complain ;

Winds, the sadly-solemn strain

Waft, and tell the mournful theme.

But what, alas ! can tears or sighs ?

What cou'd, has ceas'd to be ; the spirit
 (mounts the skies ?

With

With sympathetic wo, thy noontide ray,
Phoebus, suspend; ye clouds, obscure the day;

Her face let Cynthia veil,

Thick darkness spread her wing,

And the night-raven sing,

While Britons their sad fate bewail.

Sacred flood, whose crystal tide,

Gently gliding, rolls adown

Fast by, once, the blissful town,

THAMES ! with pious tears supply'd,

Swell high, and tell the vocal shore

And jovial mariner, their glory's now no more !

But stop, my plaintive Muse: lo! from the skies
 What sudden radiance strikes our wond'ring eyes;
 As had the lab'ring sun,
 From black and dismal Shades,
 Which not a ray pervades,
 Emerging, with new lustre shone.
 In the forehead of the East,
 See the gilded morning star,
 Of glad day the harbinger:
 Sighing, now, and Tears are ceast:
 Still GEORGE survives; His Virtues shine
 In HIM, who sprung alike from BRUNSWICK'S

(ROYAL LINE.

VI.

VI.

Cum BRITONUM REGEM subito mors invida telo

Perculit, et noctis jussit adire domos :

Audiit, in largosque effusa Britannia fletus,

Littus ad oceani stans, maris auxit aquas.

Tristis at illa tamen clypeumque hastamque tenebat,

Non oblita fui, * nec metuenda minus.

Attollensque oculos supera ad convexa, nitentes

Aspexit, justos quas juvat ire, vias.

Dignus avi folio, dignus pietate parentum,

GEORGIUS alter adest, tendit eique manum.

Tum revocari animos, tum gaudia mente renasci

Sensit, tumque iterum, se doluisse, dolet ;

Namque ILLE aetherias, novus incola, possidet arces,

Hic, infra in Britonas, mitia sceptrum gerit.

VII.

* Jam tum parabant Angli oras Galliae maritimas invadere, quas non ita multo post aggressi, *Bellam Insulam* expugnarunt.

IV

VII.

While thro' the british world great GEORGE'S name
 With mournful accents fills the voice of fame,
 Remotest nations catch the doleful sound ;
 And groans re-echo at the deep-felt wound :
 The muses' fav'rite sons in clouds arise,
 And trace his shining passage thro' the skies :
 The bards their temples crown with mourning weeds,
 And cypress to the laurel-wreath succeeds,
 While they in plaintive verse their loss deplore :
 For GEORGE their prince and patron is no more.
 Amidst this weeping sad poetic throng,
 Who pay the grateful tribute of a song ;

O may a youthful son of HARVARD join,
 Catch but one spark from the celestial nine :
 The glorious subject shall his lays inspire,
 And fan that spark into a sacred fire :
 Then would he hope, great shade ! you'd not refuse
 The honest tribute of an infant muse.

No more let ancient times their heroes boast,
 Since all their fame in GEORGE'S praise is lost ;
 Not Greece---her Alexanders ; Caesars---Rome :
 For worth and virtue view our Monarch's tomb.
 Restless ambition dwelt in Caesar's mind,
 He murder'd nations and enslav'd mankind :
 He found a gen'rous people great and free,
 And gave them tyrants for their liberty.
 The glorious Alexander, half divine,
 Whose godlike deeds in ancient records shine,

Dropt his divinity at ev'ry feast ;
 And lost the god and hero in the beast.
 Shall then our Monarch be with these compar'd ?
 Or GEORGE'S glory with a CAESAR shar'd ?
 No---we indignant spurn th' unworthy claim :
 GEORGE shines unrivall'd in the lists of fame :
 For while he reign'd, each virtue, ev'ry grace
 Beam'd from his throne, and sparkled in his face:
 While justice, goodness, liberty inspir'd ;
 And Britain's freedom all his conduct fir'd.
 HIS PEOPLE'S FATHER was his highest boast ;
 And in that name was all the sov'reign lost.
 Justice which left the world since Saturn's reign,
 In him returning blest these realms again ;
 Ev'n rigid justice with compassion join'd,
 Sweetly uniting in his gen'rous mind.

But

But why should we on sep'rate features dwell,
 When the great picture does in each excel :
 No single virtues strike us with surprize :
 All come united to th' admiring eyes.

But when repeated conquests he had won,
 Far as the western from the eastern sun ;
 When glorious liberty her pinions spread,
 And wreaths of victory adorn'd his head :
 THE WISE OLD KING superior quits the strife,
 And leaves frail trophies for immortal life.
 HE'S GONE---and his glad soul now wings its way
 Into the trackless paths of endless day.
 Yet long as Britain or her sons survive,
 His name shall triumph and his praise shall live.
 When nature fails, the skies in smoke decay,
 And worlds expiring their last doom obey ;
 Then,

Then, then shall he in brightest glories shine :
His robes angelic, and his throne divine.

These tears the muse to her late sov'reign pays ;
These sighs unfeign'd to his dear tomb conveys.
She now with transport hails the happy day,
Which gives another GEORGE the british sway.
Exulting Britain, in his youthful face,
Can the bright transcript of his grandsire trace ;
And sees, with joy unfeign'd, ascend the throne
A blooming Monarch, who is all her own :
While at his feet her conq'ring armies bend,
And his command her thund'ring fleets attend.
Long may he reign, his rightful scepter bear,
And Britain's crown in peace distinguish'd wear :
While all her free-born sons in chorus sing---
HAPPY AND GLORIOUS EVER LIVE THE KING.

VIII.

Cum REX sciret AVUM mediis cessisse triumphis,
Et sibi delatum fumeret imperium ;
CHARE ! vale, dixit : fat erit si gloria vitae
Tota meae annorum sit tribus aequa tuae.

IX.

PROXIMUS A PRIMO debellat GEORGIUS hostes
Subjiciens miti immitia regna jugo.
TERTIUS imperium justo libramine pensans
Dat populis pacem, publica jura tuens.
Foelix discrimen : famae fat utrique : decebat
Uni non tribui Gloria tanta viro.

X.

I.

HARK !--- to what melancholy sound
Do pensive hills remurmur round,
And echo with dispair !
What means this pale in every cheek,
Say, muse ! --- if grief will let you speak,
The mournful cause declare.

2.

What sorrow ev'ry heart can fill
Unless some universal ill
Has happen'd to mankind ?---
If to the skies some patriot's fled,
What prince but GEORGE can boding dread
Of such importance find ?

Yes !

3.

Yes ! GEORGE th' august, the sage, the great,

GEORGE the benign resigns to fate,

And leaves a world in tears ;

If vertue, wisdom, honour, power

Could rescue from the gloomy hour,

How vain had been our fears !

4.

At GEORGE's tomb, sad sacred place,

Shall ev'ry vertue, ev'ry grace

Their constant vigils keep ;

Around it ev'ry mourning muse

With laurels shall entwine the yews,

And willows, while they weep.

5.

Come solid darknes and despair,

While sighs of kingdoms fill the air,

Come all the pomp of death !

Gladness

Gladness and mirth no more appear,
Nor jocund bards affront the ear
With your unhallow'd breath.

6.

GEORGE IS NO MORE ! no more his arm
Shall rescue the distress'd from harm,
Nor humble Gallia's pride.
To him no more shall cities yield,
No more he'll from the martial field
Triumphant victor ride.

7.

Cease discontent and vain regret ;
Heav'n wills, that all should pay this debt
To death, the fear of kings ;
To GEORGE peculiar favour's shown,
His soul expir'd without a groan,
And soar'd on cherubs wings.

Ante-

8.

Antediluvian favour'd sage !

Say, if you more escap'd the rage

Of greedy death than he :

Of Israel's prophet let's enquire

If, in his rapid carr of fire,

He found an easier way.

9.

But see ! TH' ILLUSTRIOUS HEIR appears,

Replete with virtue, ripe in years,

Ascending Britain's throne :

Tremble before him, envious foes !

Nor dare such Majesty oppose ;

But cast your weapons down.

10.

Tho' Gallia resolute engage,

And Austria join her furious rage

To shake his steady throne,

I

They

They soon their bold attempt shall rue,
And for his friendship humbly sue,
Glad to secure their own.

11.

So, when a raging tempest comes,
Eolus roars and Neptune foams
Around Britannia's shore ;
Proud waves advancing soon retreat,
Or broken perish at her feet,
And but confirm her power.

12.

Long, GLORIOUS PRINCE, these kingdoms bless,
And, to compleat thy happiness,
Some kindred soul be found ;
So may THE LINE OF BRUNSWICK down
To latest time possess the crown,
And glory blaze around.

XI.

Where thick-embow'ring shades, and clust'ring trees,
Form soft recess, and shed poetic ease ;
Inarching boughs embrown the silent way,
Fan breezy cool, and half-exclude the day :
A moss-clad rock here spread its bulky base,
Where the lith ivy winds its close embrace ;
Beneath its slope --- grey parent of the wood,
A mould'ring oak, grotesque and naked, stood ;
From its chafed root, a gurgling riv'let strays,
And thro' the forest worms its sparkling maze :
Here his fluid eyes, the pensive POLLIO led,
And lo his anguish utter'd, " GEORGE IS DEAD."

The

The swift-wing'd breeze, excursive, wafts the sound,
 The cloud-top'd forest nodded to the ground ;
 The bellying clouds, with sable skirts advance,
 And a dun horror shrouds the blue expanse ;
 Slow swells the blast, the transient gusts arise,
 And grumbling thunders roll along the skies ;
 The storm collects, in dusky clouds array'd,
 And brooding tempest frowns the deepest shade.
 Involv'd in glooms, reclin'd upon the oak,
 In fault'ring accents, POLLIO sob'd and spoke.

“ Lour on ye fables, shed a tenfold gloom !

“ GEORGE is deceas'd, and earth is but his tomb ;

“ The heav'ns were deaf, when Albion pour'd her

(cries,

“ Ah fruitless anguish ! ah relentless skies !

War

" War on ye elements, ye tempests sweep
 " The heaving bosom of the hoary deep ;
 " Ye trembling forests hide your faded green,
 " May darksome horrors wrap the sad'ning scene ;
 " Ye verdant walks a sicklier face shall wear,
 " No flow'rs, to breath soft incense thro' the air ;
 " Their savoury banquets shall the flocks refrain,
 " Nor crop the velvet of the pasturing plain ;
 " No fost'ring show'rs from hence refresh the lawn,
 " No pearly blessings chear the parching dawn ;
 " The widow'd groves lost foliage shall deplore,
 " And balmy zephyrs gather sweets no more :
 " Thy GEORGE, O Albion ! Heav'n declines to spare,
 " Bestow'd too long to prevalence of prayer ;
 " ALBION ! thy PARENT dies !---as blest a mind,
 " As heav'n could furnish to exalt mankind ;

" Religion, mercy, peace, his steps attend,
 " And num'rous virtues all their lustres lend ;
 " His guide was truth, benevolence his road,
 " His life, one effort of redundant good ;
 " No sword of violence protects a crime,
 " Stains the clear page, or dims the golden time ;
 " No vice illustrious stalk'd behind the king,
 " No shelt'red folly fledg'd beneath his wing ;
 " No rav'nous grasp, no lawless lust of pow'r,
 " Sullies his life, or stains a single hour ;
 " So kindly just, the Parent-Monarch sighs,
 " And greatly pities, while the laws chastise :
 " When ALBION's safety would, how swift to save ;
 " (A deed for Gods) he pitied and forgave :
 " Large as his heart, the blessings he design'd ;
 " His godlike bounty, delug'd all mankind :

" Here

" Here he restrain'd the Indian's thirst of gore,
 " And bid the murd'rous tomax drink no more ;
 " Crush'd faithless Gallia, with her savage train,
 " Who foster factions, to disturb his reign ;
 " Stretch'd thro' these haunts the blessings of his sway,
 " And pour'd on pagan darkness, beamy day ;
 " 'Tis from his hand this tide of plenty flows,
 " Thence learning buds, the infant of repose ;
 " 'Tis he, whose wisdom crown'd the happiest reign,
 " When patriots only, equal honours gain ;
 " Where all distinction was to vice deny'd,
 " And patriot-virtue spread it's influence wide :
 " No sons but virtue's, shone among the great,
 " Nor less than PITT, the pilot of the state.
 " Nor civil virtues were his only claim,
 " His early prowess won a martial fame ;

" The

" The victor-wreath in dreadful fields he twin'd,
 " And valour thron'd him Monarch of mankind ;
 " Germania's realms his matchless courage boast,
 " And clust'ring glories in his name are lost.
 " Long was the blessing spar'd to Albion's cries,
 " Lov'd by his realms, and rip'ning for the skies ;
 " In his full orb of majesty compleat,
 " He quits his earthly for a heav'nly seat :
 " Death, and death only, to such kings imparts,
 " A kingdom equal to their great deserts.

Here the full tide of grief his song suppress,
 And sighs and tears instructive, spoke the rest.
 Amid the instant wreck, the lab'ring sigh,
 What glorious form commands the weeping eye ?
 Pierc'd with a kingdom's woes, she leads the tear,
 Th' infectious drop our lids are proud to wear ;

'Tis

'Tis ALBION'S GUARDIAN ! see ! her glossy plume
 Darts a keen radiance thro' the withering gloom !
 Not Cynthia's beams with such effulgence flow,
 When her full disk gives all it's broad below :
 High o'er the silver-skirted main she rose,
 And o'er a world in anguish smil'd repose :
 She waves her hand, and points to Britain's throne,
 " GEORGE still survives, O ALBION ! all thy own :
 " From deep despair, redemption he commands,
 " And guides the sceptre with instructed hands.

New flush'd with life, the blooming forests rise,
 Shine with fresh green, and climb to taller skies ;
 The warbling wantons thro' the dusky grove,
 Sweetly conspiring pour a waste of love ;
 Perfumes from ev'ry breathing flow'r exhale,
 And balmy incense loads the fragrant gale ;

Their favoury banquet lowing herds regain,
 Rang'd on the velvet of the pasturing plain :
 On the blest theme the bard indulg'd him long,
 Then thus his raptures he attun'd to song :
 " Thrice blest Britannia ! heav'n's peculiar care !
 " Oft rescu'd in the moment of despair ;
 " Pangs but arrive e'er blessings swift pursue,
 " We scarcely tremble, e'er we triumph too.
 " How scourg'd ! how lost ! let Albion's groans inform ;
 " This western Empire scarce surviv'd the storm :
 " Our ague fears, and enervating woe,
 " Edg'd the keen vengeance of th' insulting foe :
 " But--snatch'd from fate, when to it's stroke resign'd--
 " Who dares despair ? for HEAV'N and GEORGE
 (were kind.

Then

“ Then, whilst with Albion we our joys contest,
“ And pour our raptures in the monarch’s breast ;
“ The distant blessing honour and approve,
“ With secret av’rice dwell upon his love ;
“ To list’ning skies our lab’ring breasts unload,
“ And wrest new blessings from his conscious GOD ;
“ HE DIES. --- At this our bursting bosoms rave,
“ And pain’d remembrance envy’d GEORGE his
(grave.

“ What kindly God presides ? the tumults cease,
“ This hour all tempest, and the next all peace :
“ We smile, blest Heav’n ! a GEORGE upon the
(throne,
“ ANOTHER GEORGE, O Albion ! all thy own :
“ From deep despair a nation to redeem,
“ And check our sorrows in their mid-way stream :
“ He

" He sways the sceptre, takes the glorious charge ;
 " Unbounded goodness now shall lord at large :
 " His virtues blazon'd wide as fame can wing,
 " And proud Britannia glories in her King.
 " Blush, grandeur ! blush, in all thy purple pride,
 " True greatness is to goodness close allied :
 " The worthy heart will ever claim esteem ;
 " O PRINCE, thy virtue is thy brightest gem :
 " Food for applause to distant realms dispense,
 " Beyond the reach of poor magnificence :
 " Blessings are tongue'd, and ever on the wing---
 " A wond'ring world's a circle for a king.
 " Joy to the realms where slav'ry was design'd,
 " A BRUNSWICK reigns, the guardian of mankind.
 " While gay-ey'd conquest rears his banners high,
 " A flaming meteor in the gallic sky,

" He

" He bids his bolted thunders cease their roar ;
 " And offers peace to Gallia's faithless shore.
 " Blest Prince ! whose unexampled goodness charms,
 " Thy people's blessings be thy brightest arms :
 " The base of empire is the king's desert,
 " And merit is the monarch of the heart :
 " Nor hostile worlds shall fav'rite GEORGE dethrone ;
 " Each Briton's breast's a barrier to his own.
 " May one clear calm attend thee to thy close,
 " One length'ned sunshine of compleat repose :
 " Correct our crimes, and beam that christian mind
 " O'er the wide wreck of dissolute mankind ;
 " To calm-brow'd peace, the mad'ning world restore,
 " Or lash the demon thirsting still for gore ;
 " 'Till nature's utmost bound thy arms restrain,
 " And prostrate tyrants bite the British chain.

XII.

Quid sibi vult ingens luctus gemitusque virorum ?

Suffusus lacrymis orbis ubique jacet ;

Quod mare, quod tellus, quod coelum condolet ipsum,

Quaenam sint causae, fuggere, musa ! mihi.

Quid, quid ! ni petiit Rex ille GEORGIUS umbras,

Umbras ferales, quas Libitina regit ?

Ah ! si cui licitum vitare pericula mortis

Mortali, licitum, REX VENERANDE ! Tibi.

TE totus, tibi qui parebat, mundus habebat

Majus, amabilius, REX ! meliusque nihil.

Ad superos, queis deberis, te fata tulerunt ;

Saeva quidem nobis, fata secunda TIBI.

XIII.

As, on her white-clift, sea-girt shore,
With head reclin'd, Britannia sat,
Her ocean dashing on her rocks
The hoarse rough harsh resounding wave,
With copious tears she swell'd the briny flood.
White melancholy on her brow
Sat brooding, with her raven wing
Shading those features, which till then
With majesty unrivall'd shone,
Her duteous sons unhappy fate she wept.

At

At length her drooping head she rais'd,
And, with a deep-felt sigh, she spake ;

“ My subject ocean ! bid your waves,

“ To distant realms, the news convey

“ That GEORGE THE GREAT'S descended from
(his throne.

“ Let your Atlantick waves transport

“ The heavy tidings to their coasts ;

“ Bid them tell all his joyful sons,

“ Amidst the rage of war, who smile,

“ Their kind indulgent Father is no more.”

Ocean obeys the dread command,

And spreads to distant realms the woe ;

The solemn sound strikes every ear ;

Bosoms of monarchs swell with grief,

Shock'd at the thought, that crowns must be resign'd.

LEWIS!

LEWIS ! who grasps at tyrant-sway ;
Who thinks this world a small domain ;
Fastidious LEWIS ! drops a tear,
To find, even virtue cannot save
Monarchs from mould'ring into common dust.

Say, heavenly muse ! if not absorb'd
Within the gulph of general woe,
How shall AMERICA deplore
That fate, which sinks her heart-felt joy ?
How speak the monarch, friend and father lost ?

Imagination ! heaven-born maid !
Descend and dissipate the cloud,
The black'ning cloud, which foils the mind
Too deeply tinctur'd with it's grief :
Oh ! speak the virtues of the godlike man.

Early, he bursts to publick life,
To tyranny a foe severe :
'Twas liberty, bright goddess ! taught
His young ideas how to play ;
Omen, prophetick of his future fame.

Behold him on the British throne !
With every patriot virtue crown'd !
Around him croud his joyful sons,
In his parental care high blest :
And all the Monarch in the Father lost.

Mark, how his patriot schemes he plans !
With reverential awe he speaks :
“ Is it, all kind indulgent Heav'n !
“ On high to publick view I'm fix'd,
“ To rowl in luxury and guilty pride ?

“ Or

“ Or is it not, with steady aim,
“ In the grand scheme to bear a part
“ Of kind benevolence to man,
“ So large a share assign'd to blest,
“ And boast BRITANNIA's sons my favourite charge.”

This grand design, divinely form'd,
With steady councils he pursu'd ;
Sacred to liberty and law,
Gives every power of his soul,
And not one act to stain his guiltless fame.

Her head, rebellion once uprear'd ;
Indulgent heaven hath rebels too ;
But virtue, all commanding, shook
The rage of rebel guilt, and aw'd
To low submission, the ungrateful heart.
Crush'd

Crush'd in its rage, the law demands
 The fatal axe : alas ! kings sign
 The mandate, when to bid it fall ;
 Trembling he sign'd, and almost deem'd
 The Throne a curse, upon such rigid terms.

So BRUTUS, jealous for his Rome
 Endanger'd by a tyrant's plot ;
 His sons, deep in the guilt he finds ;
 " Liçtors ! your office execute :"
 All firm the consul spake, the father wept.

View him, compell'd the sword t'untheath,
 Reluctant he untheaths ; but rous'd,
 His British Lion roars revenge
 On all, who dare the rights invade
 Of even the meanest subject of his crown.

Approving

Approving Heaven smiles on his arms,
 And bids them conquer round the globe :
 At their approach the slaves of France,
 With trembling joy, welcome the day,
 That dawns subjection to a British King.

These fertile fields of Britain's sons,
 With blood the Gallic Hydra drench'd ;
 Till GEORGE, indignant pour'd his wrath :
 His vengeance aiming at the heart
 Untouch'd till now, and all the monster quell'd.

See the wild savage of the wood !
 More savage made by Gallick arts ;
 Amazement-struck, reviews the course,
 The rapid course of British arms,
 Astonish'd sees and half believes A GOD.

O

Where

Where GEORGE commands, 'tis conquest all :
Thus heaven the virtuous man approv'd :
With glory fated, with the love
Of freedom's sons supremely blest,
This earth he quits, and gains his native skies.

A friend's the sun of human life ;
Eclips'd, the impassion'd heart it pains :
What then the mighty void can fill ?
When heaven all wise resumes at once,
Resumes the King, the Father and the Friend ?

But say, my muse ! say, who is he
The scarcely vacant throne who fills ;
'Tis HE ! THE HEAVEN-INSPIRED YOUTH !
The falling purple robe who caught,
And all the virtues of THE GRANDSIRE claims.

See him begin his royal race !

Stretching each nerve to freedom's goal,
A Briton's name his highest joy :

The prize, he fees securely lodg'd
Within the centre of his subject's heart.

Virtue, bright goddess ! guards his throne,

Her sacred volume opening wide,
And points him to the page of kings :

Fame spreads his glory all around,
And distant realms the chearful chorus join.

So Phoebus, in the western sky,

Our hemisphere with splendor quits :
Around, the rays refractive, faint ;

In slumber's lap we joyless sink ;
But morning gives another and the same.

Then

Then check BRITANNIA ! check the tears
Flowing into THE GRANDSIRE'S urn :
Let your full bosom swell with joy ;
To winds and seas give every care ;
For Heaven and Earth delight in Patriot Kings.

XIV.

Debili tentura viam volatu
Musa ! BRUNSVICO tribuas ADEMPTO
(Si queas) fletus meritos ; NEPOTI et
Gaudia REGI.

En ! ut obductos teneant Britanni
Flebiles vultus lachrymis, cupresso
Dum sepulcrali cineres adornant

REGIS ADEMPTI :

Ingemunt

Ingemunt vestri interitum Leones,

Dum, suas tanquam exequias canentes,

Lugubri mulcent Thamesis fluenta

Carmine cycni.

Tu soror tristis jaceas Iërne !

Admovens dextram citharae querenti,

Fata BRUNSVICI resonare chordas

Dulce docentem.

Terra ! quam † Phoebus propiore torret

Ignem, quae pulchros dedit et triumphos,

Altius tinctum referas colorem

Luctibus aptum.

Tempora AUGUSTI, fugiente Gallo,

Laurea nuper decorans, verendos

Diviti spargas cineres odore ;

Dives † odorum !

† AFRICAM. † ASIA.

P

Consonet

Consonet passim gemitu Orbis † alter :

Nos coloni, nos focii gemenda

Sorte, BRUNSVICUM pariter dolemus

Ac patrem amantem.

Tu simul Tellus ‡ Inimica ! nunc at

Bellicis ornans spoliis Britannos,

Lugeas ; lugenſque canas GEORGI

Nomen ovantis.

En dolent hostes Britonum superbi !

En dolet BORBON ! cui nota virtus

MORTUI : nec jam niveos ministrant

Lilia flores.

Musa ! praeſtantem, modulis doloris,

Inclyti famam celebres GEORGI :

Posteris nomen referas remotis

Laude colendum.

Hic, pater fidus populi atque custos,
Jura legesque ut clypeo tegebat ;
Omnibus, recte trutinam movendo,
Justa ministrans.

Reppulit Martis rabiem furentis
A suo passim Thamesi ad Garumnam ;
Perfidi quassans tonitru Britanno

BORBONIS arces.
TE premit dum nox tenebris sopora ;
Dumque Plutonis domus : orbe toto
Facta virtutesque tuae vigeant
Morte solutae.

Gaudiis mutare cupit dolores
Musa : quis mutare neget ? NEPOTE,
Et sibi splendore novo suisque,
SCEPTRA TENENTE.

Ad

Ad melos blandum modulemur omnes
Strenui vocem ; resonetque coelum,
Fornice a celso strepitum jocofum

Laude remittens.

IPSE sacratum tibi JANE ! templum
Clauserit ; ramos oleae virentis
Marte jactatis populis daturus

Corde benigno.

Hinc quies orbi ; studiis juvamen ;
Gaudium musis ; thalami puellis ;
Omnibus passim hinc oriatur amplo

Copia Cornu.

Prata pubescunt gregibus superba ;
Cuncta subrident redimita fertis.

Num rogas unde haec ?--REGIT hic GEORGUS

ALTER ET IDEM.

XV.

ΕΛΕΓΕΓ' ΟΝ.

Ἐκ νεφέων ὄμβρῳ τε χιόν τε μένῳ τε χαλάζει,
 Βροντὴ τ' ἐκ σιλόης γήγνε' ἀερόπτης·
 Ἐξ ἀνέμων τε κυλινδῇ βρανομήκεια πότμη
 Κύματα, πᾶν ὃ σκάφῳ ῥήγνυ' ἰνι πνοῆς·
 Ἀήτων λαίλαψ ἐκ πέμφινῳ ἀντιπνέουσιν·
 Ἐκ κρύεῳ πάχνη, καῦμα δ' ἀπ' ἡλίου·
 Ἐξ αὐχμῷ κ' πλημμυρίδῳ πέλει ἀνδράσι λιμός·
 Ἐκ πολέμοιο φόνῳ, πῆματα δ' ἀγαθῶν.
 Ἐκ ὃ μόρε Βασιλῆῳ εἷς τέθῳ Βριτόνεσσιν
 Ἀσπίτον, ὅς τ' ἀνδρῶν ἔπλει ἄρισῳ Ἄνα·
 Ἔθνεα πάντα γὰρ Σε, ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΣ, ἄστια πάντα,
 Ὡς δ' ἄρχῃν ὤλεσαν ἀρχέτυποι.
 Ἀγλία, θυσιὶ κλυτῇ νῆλῳ, Σε τὰ πύθιμα κλαίῃ,
 Ὅτι κλίῳ τ' ἄλκαρ τ' ὄρχιτο ἠδὲ κράτῳ.
 Αἰλινα τηλεδαποί Σε κινύρεϊ Ἀμερικῆς,
 Πατρίδῳ ἔρκῳ ἐπὶν χάσαστο ἠδὲ πατῆρ.
 Περιδῶν ἔδραι Σε βαρυσινάχεσιν ἁπαλαί,
 Ἐπλεο ἧ Μυζῶν φίλτατῳ αἰνὶ ἰδν.
 Φαίνε' αἰάζειν Σε μελάρχλαυῳ φύσις αὐτῇ,
 Ὡς ἔδν ὠκεανόνδ' ἡέλιῳ φαέθων.
 Εἰπας ἐκ νεκύων τ' Ἀνακτά κ' ἀδέσφατον ἄλγῳ,
 Ἄλγῳ ἀνισαίῃ Συμοδακίς Βριτόνων·
 Φεῦ δ' ὁ λιπὼν φάτῳ ἡλίω, ἐς αἰὲν ἄνοστῳ,
 Εἰως ἄν, νεκύων νόσιμον ἤμαρ, ἴκη·
 Τῷ δ' μεταξὺ, μάκαρσι, ΓΕΩΡΓΙ', ἔζη, μάκαρ αὐτός,
 Κ' ἀγλαῇ Ἰωνῷ πτόσμοιδ' ἠδὲν τιῷ.

XVI.

᾽ΩΔΗ.

Τίπ' ἄρ' ἐξαίφης, διὰ ἐπὶ Κλισίῃ,
 Ἦδ' ἀμοιβῇ· νῦν κνέφας, ἔϊτα φέγγ'·
 Τὸ ζάλης ἄτλω μὲν ἄγον, τὸ δ' ἤμαρ
 Νηδυμῶν Ἀγλαοῖς·

᾽Ως, ἐλύνων φῶς φαισιμωρότατο
 Ἠλίας μῆνης πτερόγων λυγαίης
 Ἐκ καταβητῶν, γένει' αὖ γαλήνη

Παμφανόωσα.

Πανταχῶ τ' ἔθνε' Βριτόνων ἄχ' κῆρ,
 Πανταχῶ γῆδός δ' ἔλεν· ὀξέως δ'
 Φῶς ἔδν, καὶ ἀψ' ἀνέδν Βρετανοῖς

Παμμεγαλὴς φῶς.

Λῶς ἄρχόντων θάνατ' νύα, λῶς
 Κοιρανῶ δ' ἀκμὴν κατὰ λαῖτμα γαίης
 Ἰφ', ἣ ἀν' ἀνὰ λάμπει μίν' ἡλίοιο

Πίσ' ἐπ' αἶαν.

Θρήνην εἰξαιμὼν, κεχαροίμεθ' ἥπερ
 Μᾶλλον, ὅτε ἰδρὼν καθὼ δῶρ' ὀπηθεῖ
 Πῆματ' ἀρρήτων τόσα γ' ὥς τάχιστα,

Θαῦμα λέγεσθ.

Σὺ, Βρίτων ἀντὸς, Βριτόνων ἀνάξτης,
 Ἠμὶν Ἑυράπης πολίων κατοίκοις,
 Ἦδ' ἐκ κόμων Ἀμερικής ἀρωγός,

Ἀρχεῖ μεδόντων.

Χαῖρ' ἀναξ, Πάππῳ δ' ὀμότιμῳ εἰς
 Φῦλα φωτῶν μυρία Σοι πίδοιτο
 Ἀσμένως, μίμνοι τ' ἀκοῇ ΓΕΩΡΓΙ'-
 ΟΥ περίτυσ'.

XVII.

‘ HAIL kindred spirit ! hail illustrious shade !
‘ Now crown’d with glories, that shall never fade !
‘ Discharg’d from earth, the prison of the soul,
‘ Where sense and passion all it’s pow’rs controul :
‘ I bid thee welcome to the realms of day,
‘ Where pleasures reign unsubject to decay.
‘ There --- see thy race ; the partner of thy bed ;
‘ From transient joys to joys eternal fled :
‘ All smiling in immortal youth, there --- shine
‘ Thy FRED’RICK, and thy much lov’d CAROLINE :
‘ There too THY SIRE, with full-orb’d glory crown’d ;
‘ Whom all the virtues, wing’d on light, surround :
‘ Serenely

' Serenely gay, now drop'd the earthly load,
 ' They bid thee welcome to this blest abode :
 ' The choirs celestial, on a rapid wing,
 ' Joyful their warmest gratulations bring :
 ' All heav'n rejoices thro' its ample round ;
 ' And the wide arch re-echoes to the sound.
 ' There---take thy seat ; as much distinguish'd here,
 ' As Britain's throne in yon diminish'd sphere :
 ' Reserv'd for Patriot-kings---alafs ! how few,
 ' To whom that heav'n-born name is justly due---
 ' Within whose breast, where ev'ry virtue grows,
 ' A warm affection for their country glows :
 ' Who make it's happiness their first great aim ;
 ' And on that lasting base build all their fame :
 ' Who public Freedom, dearer far than gold,
 ' In all it's rights with guardian-eyes behold :

• Whose

' Whose breast the impious thought did ne'er degrade,
 ' That human kind for tyrant-lords were made :
 ' Who, tho' arriv'd to pow'r's all dazzling height,
 ' Can view each object in the justest light :
 ' Whose virtues, with a lustre all their own,
 ' Eclipse the glories that surround a throne :
 ' Virtues—that largely to mankind dispense,
 ' Like Phoebus' beams, a heav'n-sprung influence.

— ' THIS character, dear BRUNSWICK ! is thy own :
 ' You shin'd the patriot-king on Britain's throne.
 ' EV'N BOLINGBROKE, now purg'd the visual ray
 ' From the thick films that once obscur'd the day,
 ' For BRUNSWICK's sacred head a wreath will bring ;
 ' And own in thee, BLEST SHADE ! the Patriot-king.
 ' LO ! BRUNSWICK's fame that character shall raise :
 ' Be it YE KINGS ! the subject of your praise.

R

' Let

' Let his great name your royal breasts inspire,
 ' And there light up the Patriot's sacred fire :
 ' From you be copied each illustrious deed ;
 ' And like a GEORGE in fame's bright path proceed.
 ' The sov'reign pow'r, when such the equal sway,
 ' Freedom's brave sons with cheerful hearts obey:
 ' Inspir'd with zeal, they'll not refuse to drain
 ' Ev'n life's warm fount t' uphold the glorious reign.

' WHAT were the heroes of more ancient name—
 ' In story "damn'd + to everlasting fame"—
 ' The CÆSARS—ALEXANDERS of the earth—
 ' But scourges to the land that gave them birth :
 ' What did they ? say—to passion all resign'd,
 ' They ravag'd nations, and destroy'd mankind.
 ' On earth's dispeopled globe their progress trac'd
 ' Exhibits slaughter, rapine, gen'ral waste :

' Lik
 ' The
 ' T
 ' Wit
 ' See
 ' To
 ' C
 " I liv
 " My
 " Thr
 " To
 " And
 " I kil
 " Wh
 † Alex

‘ Like baleful meteors, wheresoe’er they came,

'They burnt up all things in one mighty flame.

‘THERE fee—beyond that gulph—the † GREEK

(all fad,

With grief's pale shroud, that bodes new misery, clad:

' See him in deep foliloquy : attend

'To truth : 'tis truth, tho' spoken by a fiend.

"O curs'd ambition ; to thy call resign'd,

"I liv'd the scourge, the plague of human kind.

"My country--oh! I'm tortur'd at the name--

"Thrice blest had I but felt the patriot's flame---

“ To virtue deaf, I spurn'd each sacred tie ;

"And trampled on her rights without a sigh.

"I kill'd my friend : oh ! CLYTUS ! dearest name !

“What impious rage did then my breast inflame:

Enslav'd

† Alexander the Great.

" Enflav'd by passion, blind to reason's ray,
 " The brute held o'er the man a tyrant-sway.
 " By a base woman's wiley arts decoy'd,
 " The work of ages my fell mirth destroy'd :
 " I bid the flames th' imperial + town invade ;
 " And all it's tow'rs in wide-spread ruins laid.
 " One world subdu'd—ambition still my guide--
 " For other worlds, t'enlarge my pow'r, I sigh'd :
 " Unlike a GEORGE, who conquer'd but to save ;
 " To free from tyrants, and redeem the slave.
 " To GEORGE a contrast—ah ! I saw him rise ;
 " And trac'd his brilliant passage thro' the skies :
 " Convoy'd by angels, whose distinguish'd train
 " Shew'd that some god had clos'd a mortal reign.
 " Lo there, in lov'd URIEL's fond embrace,
 " I see him blest ; joys beaming in his face :

" Joys

“ Joys, all divine : whilst I, an wretched, find Here

‘ Grief chok’d his voice ; and drop’d the silent tear.

‘ To GEORGE, th’ unhappy Greek this tribute

(pays :

‘ And hell itself can join in BRUNSWICK’s praise.

‘ Now take BLEST SHADE ! a retrospective view ;

‘ See Britain’s laurels mixt with mournful yew :

‘ See all her sons their mighty loss deplore ;

‘ And plaintive grief rebound from shore to shore :

‘ See ev’ry tongue spread BRUNSWICK’s matchless

(fame ;

‘ And on each breast deep-printed BRUNSWICK’s

(name.

' The briny floods discharg'd from ev'ry eye,
 ' The pensive look, low voice, and heart-felt sigh,
 ' Declare the griefs that wring her inmost soul ;
 ' And ev'n the bliss, deriv'd from thee, controul,

' To BRUNSWICK'S worth such grief is justly due ;
 ' On virtue's stock, a heav'n-sprung plant, it grew.
 ' But cease to mourn --- to happier realms he's sped ;
 ' And a far brighter crown adorns his head.

' Quit all your grief ; be silent ev'ry moan ;
 ' ANOTHER GEORGE ascends Britannia's throne.

' Now see to joy grief's fadning gloom give place ;
 ' See pleasure smile in ev'ry Briton's face.

' To THE NEW BRUNSWICK festive paeans rise ;

' And GEORGE'S name is thunder'd to the skies.

' GOD

' GOD

' H

' To t

' In v

' Defo

' Amo

' HIS

' HIS

' In G

TH

URIE

XIX

‘GOD BLESS GREAT GEORGE -- the happy Bri-
(tons cry :

‘GOD BLESS GREAT GEORGE -- the neighb’ring
(shores reply.

‘HAIL blest Britannia ! blest Britannia hail !

‘To thee Heav’n wafts some good on ev’ry gale :

‘In vast profusion from it’s boundless stores,

‘Descend it’s blessings on thy happy shores :

‘Among the greatest see YOUNG GEORGE confest ;

‘HIS GRANDSIRE’S soul inspiring all his breast.

‘HIS GRANDSIRE’S virtues, in a glorious train,

‘In GEORGE still live ; and beautify his reign.

THUS, with a voice of more than mortal sound,
URIEL spake ; and speaking bow’d around.

By truth alone the choirs celestial mov'd,
 With one consent the seraph's speech approv'd :
 TH' ETERNAL too assented with a smile ;
 And bid YOUNG BRUNSWICK bless Britannia's isle :
 Bid him extend the blessings of his reign
 To all the subjects of his new domain :
 Bid him indulge the bias of his mind ;
 And be the friend, and patron of mankind.

XVIII.

ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΝ.

Νίκη νόσφι φόναν κοσμίῃ τὺμβεν Ἀνακτὸς

Παύτ' ἔνθ' ἵκη, ἀνδροφόνου βασιλῆος

XIX.

Epitaphium.

Hic Victor sine clade jacet ; cui jura triumphos,

Et Leges hominum subdita regna dabant.

Humano generi jam discite parcere, Reges !

Queis neque dant famam bella nec imperium.

XX.

Epitaph.

Beneath, for ever hid from mortal eyes,

The Pride, the Joy, the Grief of Britain lies.

T

Kings

Kings of the earth, who high exalted view
 Yourself for mankind made, or man for you :
 Whether the Monarch owns extensive sway ;
 Or desolation marks the Conqu'ror's way ;
 Or the rich city and the fruitful plain
 In peace and plenty show the Patriot's reign :
 Come round this tomb, within whose awful shade
 The Monarch, Conqu'ror and the Patriot's laid.
 Sum up your Glories ; ev'ry deed improve,
 That raises admiration, fear or love ;
 Boast all you can, as Princes, Heroes, Men :
 Then view this Stone ; and ne'er be proud again.

In REGIS Inaugurationem.

XXI.

Chara BRUNSVICI SOBOLES aveto !

TE salutatum celeres volamus,

Integra pignus fidei tenacis

Mente daturi.

Qua petisti REX ! Solium Britannum,

Candido nec pulchra dies carebit

Uspiam signo : en ! oriens renidet

Luce ferena.

SoE

Sol ut ex ortu superare pergit
 Clarior coeli rutilum cacumen,
 Crescet ingentem haud aliter GEORGI

Fama per orbem.

Publicum ob munus posuit sub ipso
 Inclytos quosdam, haud animo imperito,
 " Integros vitae, scelerisque puros ;"

Mente sagaci.

Ecce QUEM † cuncti celebrare fervent
 Arte dicendi CICERONEM ut olim ;
 Nec minus divo patriae CATONE

Integrum amicum.

Lucidos currus per aperta coeli
 Phoebus impellens, nec Avo videbat
 Clariorem ; nec, nisi per NEPOTEM,

Viderit unquam.

Gallico,

Gallico, fraudum Artifici perito,

En rogos quantos populo parabit ?

Annuat --- jamjam galeam parat, jamque

Ægida PALLAS.

Martis infausti rabies tumultu

Horrido dum hostem spoliat dolosum,

Sub suis tuto auspiciis Britanni

Pace quiescent.

Vos Britanni ! vos hilares ! avete !

EN VOCAT SESE BRITONEM TRIUMPHANS :

Gloriae vestroque bono tributum

Corde volenti.

Barbitum dulcem fidibus parate ;

Fila festivi digito perito

Tangite ; ad cantum celeres chorosque

Ducite laeti.

Mentis ornatu decoratus amplo,
Omne per vitae spatium nitebit
PRIMUS IN REGES opibus, simulque

PRIMUS honore.

Qua patent leges Britonum benignae,
(His plagae mundi subigantur omnes)
Corde laetanti celebretur illic

Fama GEORGI.

XXII.

Dum varias gratis animis aptare coronas
Regali capiti gens studiosa parat :
Navalem classis, muralem Arx reddita præbet ;
Laurea Victrices cingit amica comas.

At

At REX, ne nobis, inquit, deferte coronas,
 Quas caedes hominum et lata ruina dabant.
 Sit mihi perpetuus cives servare triumphus :
 Ornent sola meum Civica ferta caput.

XXIII

Quem virum mavult celebrare Clio,
 Quem canet solers fidibus canoris
 Tollere Heroem, nisi TE, Regentum
 Prime ! GEORGI ?
 Orte praeclaris Atavis, Avoque
 Laude qui primam meruit coronam ;
 Pulchra quem virtus, pietasque coelo
 Extulit ardens.

Phoebus

Phoebus ut nubes, radiante vultu,
Luridas pellit gelidos et imbres,
Obrutis umbra revocatque lumen;

Dulce levamen !

Sic tui vultus nitide fereni

Dimovent nimbos, alacris voluptas

Jam redit tecum, Britonumque per Prae-
cordia ludit.

Blandior Phoebus roseo cubili

Surget eoo ; melius nitebunt

Aurei soles, medii petito

Culmine coeli :

Ver erit longum, tepidaeque brumae ;

Rura praebebunt segetes opimas ;

Flosculi fundent varios odores

Undique campis :

Pax,

Pax, fides, virtus, pietas, vigebitque

Artium cultura ; redibit aetas

In micans aurum prope pristinum, --- Te

VIXX Rege, GEORGI ;

Laetus intersis populo, diuque

Imperi sceptrum teneas Britanni ;

Deinde virtutis referas coronam,

Veetus ad astra !

Parcito, PRINCEPS ! veniamque musae

Da, precor supplex, temere canenti :

Molior frustra ; cecidere vires

Ardua nifae.

XXIV.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Dive ! cui parent Venus et Cupido,

Flammea taeda croceoque amictu

Corda qui nectis fociata vinc'lo

Non dirimendo :

Adsis, O Hymen Hymenaeae ! fedes

Laetus invisas, ubi magnus instat

GEORGIUS dignam SOCIAM Britannii af-

-fumere regni.

Non

Non tuas unquam decoravit aras
Par amatorum, aut elegantioris
Mentis et formae, magis aut amantes
Et redamati.

Laetus incedas : properentque tecum
Gratiae et risus hilaresque amores ;
Adsit et menses prope post novenos
Prospera Juno
Saepius nostris repetenda votis :
Donec accrescat numerosa proles,
Fertilis Regum Britonum, et perenni
Splendida sceptro.

Sic tuis semper Venus aequa festis
Gaudeat fidos stabilire amantes :
Nec ferus mittat, nisi Te vocato,
Tela Cupido.

XXV.

GEORGE gave the word--the naval chiefs obey ;
And thro' the ocean cleave their rapid way.
They gain the port ; on Elbe's fair stream now ride ;
And there receive young BRUNSWICK's future Bride.

EACH british crew, now anxious for THE FAIR,
Tho' seldom us'd to pray, thus form'd a prayer---
" Ye latent rocks ! bow down your craggy heads ;
" Ye sands destructive ! sink your cover'd beds :
" Ye winds ! forget to rage---in gentle gales
" Propitious blow, and fill the british sails :

“ O NEPTUNE, Britain's friend ! the tempest rein,
 “ And guard fair CHARLOTTE thro' your rough
 (domain.

To the new prayer, tho' deaf till now to prayer,
 They all attend ; and make the maid their care.
 For her protection rocks and sands conspire ;
 And sinking deep with silent joy retire :
 The winds propitious fill the british sails,
 And wait on CHARLOTTE with their friendly gales.
 NEPTUNE--who ne'er for mortals shew'd the god,
 Since good ÆNEAS 'scap'd the threat'ning flood---
 Rising majestic from th' unfathom'd deeps,
 O'er the broad face his pond'rous trident sweeps ;
 And, like a god, thus dictates to the storm---
 “ Cease your rude blasts, nor dare my realm deform :

" THETIS shall waft, in spite of all your roar,
 " Theauteous CHARLOTTE to Britannia's shore :
 " This arm shall your acolian rage restrain ;
 " And safe conduct her o'er the boist'rous main."

The tempest howling to it's caverns fled ;
 And the rough main now smooth'd it's foaming head :
 Fair skies, now fan'd by prosp'rous gales succeed ;
 And to the port the lovely CHARLOTTE speed.
 'Midst Britain's sons, that cover'd all the strand,
 Cloth'd with each grace SHE now prepares to land.
 SHE LANDS --- loud peals of joy spread far around ;
 Wind thro' the vale and o'er the summit bound :
 As flies the joy, it gathers strength like fame ;
 And swells each breast that bears the british name.

XXVI.

Dum servat stellas oculis HALLEIUS acutis,
Et varias coeli perspicit arte vices,
Sidere quo crebris alerentur ab imbribus amnes,
Et laetas segetes arva rigata ferant,
Et quo spirantes Zephyri felicibus auris
Classibus Angliacis aequora tuta darent;
Dumque ita non aequo volventes orbe Planetas
Ex medio lucem sole referre videt,
Congressus SENIOR Veneris cum sole futuros
Prospiciens, tantoque omine laetus, ait :
“ Qualia volvendo non secula lapsa tulere,
“ Haec miranda aestas una eademque dabit.

Apparet

“ Apparet facies rerum pulcherrima coelo,
 “ Nec minor in terris conspicietur honos.
 “ Quo splendore novus thalamo sol aureus exit,
 “ GEORGIUS hoc cinctum fert juvenile caput ;
 “ Nec Venus aethereos micat inter purior ignes,
 “ Virgineos ornat quam CAROLETTA choros :
 “ His cito conjunctis sociali lege, videtur
 “ Æmula stellanti terra Britannia polo.

XXVII.

While HALLEY views the heavens with curious eyes,
 And notes the changes in the starry skies,
 What constellations bode descending rains,
 Swell the proud streams, and fertilize the plains,
 What call the Zephyrs forth, with favouring breeze
 To waft BRITANNIA'S fleets o'er subject seas ;

In

In different orbits how the planets run,
 Reflecting rays they borrow from the sun,
 Sudden a distant prospect charms his sight,
 VENUS encircled in the source of Light :
 Wonders to come his ravish'd thoughts unfold,
 And thus the heaven-instructed bard foretold.
 " What glorious scenes to ages past unknown,
 " Shall in one Summer's rolling months be shown :
 " Auspicious omens yon bright regions wear,
 " Events responsive in the earth appear.
 " As golden PHOEBUS decks the rising morn,
 " Such glories, GEORGE, thy youthful brows adorn ;
 " Nor sparkles VENUS on the aetherial plain,
 " Brighter than CHARLOTTE midst the virgin train :
 " Th' ILLUSTRIOUS PAIR conjoin'd in nuptial ties,
 " BRITANNIA shines a rival to the Skies.

XXVIII.

Some Seraph touch the sacred lyre !

And give the chearful sound ;

Let every string the musick swell !

And spread the joy around.

When Britain's Monarchs Britain's glory raise,

The lowest debt of gratitude is praise.

To GEORGE the Briton, Britain's King,

Accordant lays belong ;

Let Britons fan the sacred fire

And animate the song.

GEORGE makes his subjects happiness his own,

And gives a virtuous Queen to adorn his throne.

She

She comes, in all the bloom of May,

CHARLOTTE ! her sexes pride !

She adds a gem to GEORGE'S crown,

And swells the lustre wide.

Saxons once conquer'd ALBION by their arms ;

A Saxon conquers now, with female charms.

The Graces and the Virtues join,

T' adorn the Royal Train ;

The happy Pair conspire to bless,

And speak a glorious Reign.

The Virtues and the Graces all unite,

To give an undistinguish'd blaze of light.

Let every blossom of the spring

Its varied glories spread ;

Let

Let nature open all her sweets,

To deck the bridal bed.

Nature ! exhaust your every store, for soon
CHARLOTTE and GEORGE will pay the lavish boon.

: Ye feather'd choristers ! who rove

Light tenants of the air,

Who, frequent, tune sequester'd bowers !

Come forth the Monarch's care.

For cares will oft invade the Monarch's breast ;

Cares will intrude, when kings make nations blest.

Kind Philomela ! whose sweet voice

Beguiles the darksome hour ;

Let your soft, warbling, tuneful throat

The thrilling musick pour.

The daily toils of patriot kings require

Musick at night, to check the patriot fire.

And

And thou † AMERICA's sole boast !

Pour out the joy sincere ;

Give each soft passion of the grove

To charm the royal ear.

These distant realms, by British valour won,

Feel the warm rays of Britain's genial Sun.

Such blessings, Britain ! ne'er descend

But from the Pow'rs divine ;

Your annals can already boast

A GEORGE and CAROLINE.

Then join the concert, fan the sacred flame ;

Another GEORGE and CAROLINE you claim.

See future kings from such a Race,

Descend to bless your isle !

A a

Your

† The Mocking Bird, who imitates the Notes of all other Birds.

Your future happiness secure,

And all your cares beguile.

Like Heaven, such Princes, all their pow'r employ,

Amongst Mankind to spread a general joy.

All hail, connubial love divine !

All hail the chearful day !

That gives such Princes to command,

Such Subjects to obey.

Swift pinion'd time ! the hurrying hours restrain,

And bless the world with GEORGE and CHAR-

LOTTE's Reign.

XXIX.

THO' from thy happy shores, Britannia ! far
 Remov'd, where Phoebus slopes his golden orb
 Down western sky, to Europe ; while high Noon,
 From midst his radiant path, on us he pours :
 Yet, sharing in the noble British vein,
 We feel, and, feeling, sing the common bliss ;
 Bliss wide diffus'd thro' Britain's wide domain,
 And swelling in each breast to ecstasy.

HENCE, jarring discord, tumults, carnage, wars ;
 Embattled nations ! cease a while to deal
 Destruction ; Peace ! on balmy wings, descend ;
 Let Hymen and the Paphian Goddess hold
 Imperial sway, soft'ning each heart to love.

BEHOLD,

BEHOLD, Britannia ! in thy favour'd Isle ;
 At distance, thou, Columbia ! view thy Prince,
 For ancestors renown'd, for virtues more ;
 At whose sole nod, grim tyranny aghast,
 With grudging strides, hies swift from British climes ;
 While liberty undaunted rears her head :
 Whose mind superior bears, as Atlas Heav'n,
 The weight of kingdoms ; and with equal ease,
 As some Intelligence, of order high,
 Directs yon circling orbs, by laws exact,
 Th' unweildy empire guides thro' mazy paths :---
 Made happy.--How ? By nuptial tie.--With whom ?
 Thy Pride, Germania ! whom to form combine
 The Graces all, and all fair virtue's train.
 Whate'er ennobles or adorns the Fair,
 Of line, of form, of wit, of sense, unite

Their

Their lovliest charms, and centre all in Her.
 For such a Prince the only Princess meet ;
 Of such a Princess worthy only He !
 Can heart conceive, imagination paint,
 Or fancy frame more finish'd happiness
 Below ?---Ye Powers above ! your blessings shed,
 And genial influence, on the royal Pair.
 From such embrace, a progeny of kings
 Shall rise, to rule the world, and bless mankind.

LONG let Britannia's Prince, in wisdom's lore
 Deep read, with sapient hand her sceptre wield ;
 Long may his other self, with converse mild,
 With look, with air, with port, that whisper love,
 Speak sweetness to his heart ineffable,
 Sooth all his cares, and foretaste give of Heav'n.

XXX.

Tho' wealth and pow'r their mighty influence join,
The first of kings to make young BRUNSWICK shine:
Such wealth---as Gallia's monarch ne'er could boast;
Such pow'r---as triumphs now o'er Gallia's coast :
Tho' laurel-wreaths, from BOURBON's temples torn,
Fresh with new foliage BRUNSWICK's head adorn :
Tho' Britain's crown it's brightest lustre shed,
And all it's glories beam around his head :
Tho' arts and science, rais'd by BRUNSWICK's smile,
Rejoice his heart ; and bless Britannia's Isle :

Tho'

Tho' BRUNSWICK's name resounds in ev'ry grove,
 The darling object of Britannia's love---
 Yet still the joys these num'rous springs bestow
 Are incompleat ; and but imperfect flow :
 To make them pure, and to full growth expand,
 Requires the aid of some fair female-hand.
 A female-hand can polish ev'ry joy ;
 And ev'ry art to make them pure employ..

BUT what soft Fair, deserving BRUNSWICK's love,
 Shall with her own the monarch's bliss improve ?
 Who with each grace, each pleasing virtue crown'd,
 Worthy his love among the nymphs be found ?

THE lovely CHARLOTTE---of distinguish'd name,
 Whose princely virtues princely honours claim---

SHE'S

SHE's the soft Fair deserving BRUNSWICK's love ;
 And with her own shall BRUNSWICK's bliss improve.
 'Tis SHE among the nymphs has ev'ry charm,
 With love's pure fire the monarch's breast to warm :
 And SHE---the sex's boast, divinely fair---
 Shall Britain's crown with Britain's sov'reign wear.

HARCOURT and ANSON, with a splendid train,
 At GEORGE's nod for CHARLOTTE cross the main :
 With wing'd dispatch to FRED'RICK's † court repair,
 And for their sov'reign GEORGE demand the Fair.
 The great connection FRED'RICK's court approve,
 And give the Maid to BRUNSWICK's royal love.
 To Elbe's fair banks, amidst a joyous throng,
 In regal pomp they bear the Maid along :

The

† Adolphus Frederick IV : the reigning Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz.

The copious flood the lovely Maid receives ;
 And, swell'd with joy, it's wat'ry bosom heaves.
 Crowds hail her Queen; and shout in mirthful choir,
 " So great a charge, O Elbe ! thy tide ne'er bore."
 " ---thy tide ne'er bore"---responsive hills resound ;
 And gentle Zephyr wafts the echoes round.
 Now down the stream to Britain's royal fleet,
 (Where Elbe's and Ocean's confluent waters greet)
 The joyous flood, amidst a pompous scene,
 In triumph bears Britannia's future Queen.
 She gains the yacht, the ROYAL CHARLOTTE nam'd,
 By ev'ry tongue art's master-piece proclaim'd.
 In grand salutes the joyous fleet now rolls
 Repeated thunders to the distant poles :
 Repeated thunders, in a chearful roar,
 Declare the joy to Europe's farthest shore.

Now all prepar'd, the british Squadron weighs,
 And all it's canvas to the gale displays :
 The prosp'rous gale the flowing canvas swells ;
 And from the port the floating pomp impells.
 The shore recedes ; from ocean seems to fly ;
 And now quite lost eludes th' enquiring eye.

Now ocean spreads it's ample surface round,
 And naught but heav'n appears it's ancient bound.
 Here the fell monsters of the wat'ry plain,
 In sportive gambols, heave th' incumbent main ;
 Round CHARLOTTE'S bark in wild meanders play,
 And to great GEORGE thro' her their homage pay.
 Here the sea-nymphs, all cloth'd in native green,
 Salute the royal Maid as ocean's Queen :

Blithsome

Blithsome---in varied motions round her sport,
And to their future Sov'reign make their court.

AMUS'D thus all---the keen-ey'd sailor cries---
“ Land---land appears ; Britannia strikes my eyes :
“ To the with'd port--illustrious CHARLOTTE! hail--
“ To-morrow brings us with a prosp'rous gale.”
Three hearty cheers now rend the ambient air ;
And the vast joy to the gay Nereids bear.

Now Albion prostrate on the flood appears :
And now it's length'ning mafs it slowly rears ;
It's hoary cliffs like clouds combin'd now rise ;
And in full view now charm fair CHARLOTTE's eyes :
In broad dimensions now it strikes the sight ;
And now it's fields, strew'd o'er with fruits, delight :

The

The with'd-for port the longing eye now gains;
 And now safe mooring Britain's fleet obtains.
 At ANSON's word the barge is instant man'd ;
 And CHARLOTTE with her train prepares to land.
 The barge triumphant bears her to the shore,
 Amidst the lightning's flash, and thunder's roar :
 Britannia's joy her lightning's flash displays ;
 And to far-realms the roar that joy conveys.

Now with a train that royal pomp display'd,
 HARCOURT to GEORGE conducts the lovely Maid.
 She's hail'd---she's welcom'd, as she goes along,
 " Britannia's Queen"---by an unnumber'd throng :
 " Charlotte! thrice-hail, Britannia's Queen"!--aloud
 On ev'ry side acclaim the joyous crowd.

GEORGE

GEORGE now receives her to his op'ning arms,
 And dwells---transported---o'er her virgin-charms:
 He now presents her, with majestic port,
 As Britain's Queen, to all his splendid court.
 The due devoirs with joyful hearts they pay ;
 And hail with one consent the happy day,
 That bro't fair CHARLOTTE to their sov'reign's arms;
 And gave to BRUNSWICK such a heav'n of charms.

PREPAR'd now all things for the nuptial day,
 Round the fair Maid their beams the virtues play :
 To her---their fav'rite---all their charms they lend ;
 And in her bosom all their beauties blend.
 Around her play the graces, and the loves ;
 And all the sweets of fair Idalia's groves.

D d

The

The sov'reign charms that deck'd the Paphian Queen,
Glow in her face ; and live in all her mien.

Beauty's fair prize to CHARLOTTE had been giv'n,
Had she contended with the dames of heav'n :
Ev'n they, compell'd by truth's o'erpow'ring light,
Had own'd, tho' with a frown, the judgment right.

Now, while around unrivall'd splendors glow,
Which BRUNSWICK's greatness in perfection show,
THE ROYAL PAIR, amidst a splendid train,
Proceed majestic to the sacred fane :
Where, in close union, heart combin'd with hand,
Their bliss is perfected in Hymen's social band.

ALL-HAIL, connubial Love ! whence copious flow
Far greater joys than lawless love can know :

Joys

Joys all sincere---to passion not confin'd---
 Resulting from an intercourse of mind :
 Not only joys that appetite inspires,
 But such as spring from friendship's nobler fires.
 True friendship dwells with thee, Connubial Love!
 And thou canst friendship's sacred fires improve-
 From thee each love-inspiring name proceeds ;
 And in the breast the tend'rest motions breeds :
 To BRUNSWICK thou shalt give a father's name ;
 And with a father's love his breast inflame :
 To CHARLOTTE, the maternal---whence shall flow
 The tender joys that only mothers know.

BRUNSWICK and CHARLOTTE! hail illustrious Pair!
 Hymen's first fav'rites and peculiar care !

Within your breasts may bliss ecstatic glow;
 And as your years increase in ripeness grow.
 On that blest hour, when--hand with hand combin'd--
 In Hymen's sacred rites you mutual join'd,
 May gracious heav'n it's choicest influence shed;
 And with a num'rous offspring bless your bed:
 From your embrace may future monarchs spring,
 And to Britannia future triumphs bring.
 In years successive, may bright Phoebus see
 The BRUNSWICK-RACE---a virtuous progeny---
 Direct with wisdom fair Britannia's helm;
 And happiness diffuse thro' all her realm.
 May BRUNSWICK'S RACE descend to latest time;
 And spread the British name thro' ev'ry clime.

XXXI.

EPILOGUS.

ISIS et CAMUS placide fluentes,
 Qua novem fastos celebrant sorores,
 Deferunt Vatum pretiosa REGI

Dona BRITANNO.

Audit haec Flumen, prope Bostonenses
 Quod NOVANGLORUM studiis dicatas
 Abluit sedes, eademque sperat

Munera ferre.

Obstat huic Phoebus, chorus omnis obstat
 Virginum ; frustra officiosa penfumox
 Tentat infuetum indocilis ferire

Plectra juvenus.

E e

Attamen,

Attamen, si quid studium placendi,
 Si valent quidquam Pietas Fidesque
 Civica, omnino rudis haud peribit

Gratia Musae.

Quin erit tempus, cupidi augurantur
 Vana ni Vates, sua cum NOV ANGLIS
 Grandius quoddam meliusque carmen

Chorda sonabit :

Dum regit mundum occiduum BRITANNUS,
 Et suas artes, sua jura terris
 Dat novis, nullis cohibenda metis

Regna capeffens ;

Dum DEUS, pendens agitationes
 Gentium, fluxo moderatur orbi,
 Passus humanum genus hic perire,

Hic renovari.

ERRATA.

PAGE 10, line 8, for *pricum*, read *priscum*

24 — 14 read *peace distinguish'd*

43 — 6 read *While melancholy*

The last Stanza of page 72, in some copies, to be corrected thus—

Lucidos currus per aperta coeli

Phoebus impellens, nec Avo videbat

Clariorem ; nec, nisi per Nepotem,

Viderit unquam.

